

# How Rage, Anger and Hatred Help Us to Success.

**Why It Is ANGER and NOT LOVE That "Makes the World Go Round," and Is the Secret of the Progress of Men and Nations, Explained by Professor G. Stanley Hall**



"The Rage Expressed in Charlotte Corday's Assassination of Marat and the Rage of the French Populace Who Have Surprised Her in the Act, Are Two Expressions of the Force-Creating Emotion That Produced the French Revolution, the Greatest Outburst of Human Energy in All History."—From the Painting by J. Weerts.

THE old and long accepted adage that "Tis love that makes the world go round" is disputed by the investigations of modern science. Professor G. Stanley Hall, one of the foremost American psychologists, has made a study of the human emotions, and has come to the conclusion that it is ANGER and not LOVE

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ANGER in most of its forms is the most "force creating" of all the emotions. In paroxysms of rage with abandon we stop at nothing short of death and even mutilation. The Malay running amuck, Orlando Furioso, the epic of the wrath of Achilles, hell-fire, which is an expression of divine wrath, are some illustrations of its power. Savages work themselves into frenzied rage in order to fight their enemies. In many cases, children and older human beings spit, hiss, yell, snarl, bite noses and ears, scratch, gouge out eyes, pull hair, mutilate bodies, with a violence that sometimes takes on epileptic features and which in a number of recorded cases causes sudden death at its acme, from the strain it imposes upon the system. Its cause is always some form of thwarting wish or will or of reduction of self-esteem. As anger is the name of self-assertion, the German criminalist, Friedrich, says that probably every man might be caused to commit murder if provocation were sufficient, and that those of us who have never committed this crime owe it to circumstances and not to superior power of inhibition.

Some temperaments seem to crave, if not need, outbreaks of it at certain intervals, like a well-poised lady, an sweet-tempered that everybody imposed on her, till one day at the age of twenty-three she had her first outbreak of temper, and went about to her college mates telling them plainly what she thought of them, and went home rested and happy, full of the peace that passeth understanding. Otto Heinze, and by implication Foster, think nations that have too long or too assiduously cultivated peace must inevitably sooner or later relapse to the barbarisms of war to vent their instincts for combat. It has of course been a mighty agent in evolution, for those who can summate all their energies in attack have survived.

But few if any impulses of man have suffered more intense, prolonged or manifold repression. Courts and law have taken vengeance into their hands or tried to, and not only a large proportion of assaults, but other crimes, are still due to explosions of temper, and it may be a factor in nearly every court case. Society frowns on it, and Lord Chesterfield says the one sure and unfailing mark of a gentleman is that he never shows temper. Its manifestations are severely tabooed in home and school. Religion teaches us not to let the sun go down upon our wrath and even to turn the other cheek, so that we go through life chronically afraid that we shall break out, let ourselves go, or get thoroughly mad, so that the moment we begin to feel a rising tide of indignation or resentment the censorship begins to check it. In many cases in our return repression is so potent from long practice, that the sweetest smile, the kindest remarks or even deeds are used either to

which is the real compelling force which governs the actions, the ambitions and the real accomplishments in the battle of life, not only of the individual man and woman, but among nations and, indeed, all mankind. Professor Hall's extremely interesting conclusions were set forth in the following address which he read at a recent meeting of the American Psychopathological Association in New York City.

Anger has many modes of expression, well it is to others, or to excite it from our own consciousness, or else as a self-inflicted penance for feeling it, while in some tender consciences its checked but persistent vestiges may become centres of morbid complexes, and in yet other cases it burrows and proliferates more or less unconsciously, and finds secret and circuitous ways of indulgence which only psychoanalysis or a moral or religious confession could trace. Anger has many modes of substitution, both instinctive and cultivated. One case in our returns carries a bit of wood in his vest-pocket and bites it when he begins to feel the aura of temper. Girls often play the piano loudly, and some think best of all. One plays a particular piece to divert anger, viz. the "Devil's Sonata." A man goes down cellar and saws wood, which he keeps for such occasions. A boy pounds a resonant overcoat. One throws a heavy stone against a white rock. Many go off by themselves and indulge in the luxury of expressions they want none to hear. Others take out their tantrum on the dog or cat, or perhaps a younger child, or implicate some absent enemy, while others curse. A few wound themselves, and so on, till it almost seems, in view of this long list of vicariates, as if almost any attack, psychomotor physical, might thus be intensified, and almost anything or person be made the object of passion. Be it remembered, too, that not a few look, do, think, feel their best under this impulse.

Besides these modes of expression there are countless forms of sublimation. In anger a boy says: I will avenge myself on the bully who whipped me and whom I cannot or will not whip, by besting him in his studies, class-work, composition, or learn skilful stunts that he cannot do, dress, or behave better, use better language, keep better company, and thus find my triumph and revenge. A man rejected or scorned by a woman sometimes makes a great man of himself, with the motivation more or less developed to make her sorry or humiliated. Anger may prompt a man to go in to win his enemy's girl. A taunt or an insult sometimes spurs the victim to towering ambition to show the world and especially the abuser better, and to be able to despise him in return; and there are those who have been thus stung to attempt greatness and find the sweetest joy of success in the feeling that by attaining it they compensate for indignities they suffered in youth.

In fact, when we analyze ambition and the terror of being insignificant that goes with it, shall doubtless find this factor is never entirely absent, while if we were to apply the same pertinacity and subtlety that Jung in his "Wandlungen" has brought to bear in working over the treacherous material of mythology, we might prove with no less verisimilitude that he has shown the primacy of love that in the beginning was anger, that the egoistic impulse is basal, and that the fondest and most comprehensive of all motives is that to excel others, not merely

to survive, but to win a larger place in the sun, and that there is some connection between the Darwinian psycho-genesis and Max Stirner and Nietzsche, which Adler has best evaluated.

Anger has also its dreams and reveries. When wronged the imagination riots in fancied humiliation and even tortures of an enemy. An object of hate may be put through almost every conceivable series of degradation, ridicule, exposure and disgrace. He is seen by others for what our hate deems him to be. All disguises are stripped off. Children sometimes fancy a hated object of anger flogged until he is raw, abandoned by all his friends, an outcast, homeless, alone, in the dark, starving, exposed to wild animals and far more often more prosaic fancies conceive him as whipped by a parent or stronger friend or by the victim himself later.

Very clever strategies are thought out in detail by which the weaker gets even with or vanquishes the stronger, and one



"One Philosopher Argues That It Was Anger That Made Primitive Man Lord of Creation by Inspiring Him to Fight."

who suffers a rankling sense of injustice can hardly help day-dreaming of some form of comeuppance for his foe, although it takes years to do it. In these reveries the injurer in the end almost always gives up and sues for mercy at the feet of his quondam victim. So weird and dramatic are these scenes often that to some minds we must call anger and hate the chief springs of the imagination. A girl who



"Savages Work Themselves Into Frenzied Rage in Order to Fight Their Enemies. This Is Well Illustrated by the Practise of the Australian Bushmen Who Throw Darts Into an Effigy of the Enemy Before Going in Pursuit of Him."

was deeply offended went off by herself and held an imaginary funeral of her enemy, hearing in fancy the disparaging remarks of the bystanders, and when it was all over and the reaction came, she made up with the object of her passion by being unusually sweet to her, and even became solicitous about her health as fearing that her reverie might come true.

We all, too, remember Tolstol's reminiscences when, having been flogged by his tutor, he slunk off to the attic, weeping and broken-hearted, and finally, after a long brooding, resolved to run away and become a soldier, and this he did in fancy, becoming corporal, lieutenant, captain, colonel. Finally came a great battle where he led a desperate charge that was crowned with victory, and when all was over and he stood tottering, leaning on his sword, bloody and with many a wound, and the great Czar of all the Russians approached, saluted him as savior of his fatherland, and told him to ask whatever he wanted and it was his. He had only done his duty and wanted no reward. All he asked was that his tutor might be brought up and his head cut off. Then the scene changed to other situations, each very different, florid with details, but motivated by ending in the discomfiture of the tutor. In the ebb or

ambivalent reaction of this passion he and the tutor got on better.

Richardson has collected 882 cases of mild anger, introspected by graduate students of psychology, and finds very much of the impulse that makes us work and strive, attack and solve problems has an element of anger at its root.

Hiram Stanley rather absurdly described the dawn of human history as an epoch when primitive man first became angry and fought, overcoming the great quaternary carnivora and made himself the lord of creation. Plato said anger was the basis of the state, Ribot made it the establish of justice in the world, and Bergson thinks society rests on anger at vice and crime, while Stekel thinks that temper qualities should henceforth be treated in every biography and explored in every case that is psychoanalyzed.

Hill's experiments with pugilism, and Cannon's plea for athletics as a legitimate surrogate for war in place of James's moral substitute, Frank Howard's opinion that an impulse that Darwin finds as early as the sixth week and hardly any student of childhood later than the sixth month, and which should not be repressed but developed to its uttermost, although carefully directed to worthy objects, are all in point. Howard pleads for judicious scolding and flogging, to be done in heat and not in cold blood, and says that there is enough anger in the world, were it only rightly directed, to sweep away all the evils in it.

Life is a battle, and for every real conquest man has had to summate and focus all his energies, so that anger is the acme of the manifestation of Schopenhauer's will to live, achieve and excel.

## Your Home's Beauty Depends on Shadows

LEAVING variety of colors out of consideration, it is impossible to see any object except by the shadows it casts. If everything in the world, animate or inanimate were entirely white or black or any color, design would depend entirely upon form.

This fact is well illustrated in the ordinary pure white tablecloth. If the cloth is pressed flat it appears merely a white blank before the eyes. If, however, it has been folded and pressed, we find on spreading it out that the creases remain visible on the otherwise flat white surface, and the only reason we can distinguish them is because a shadow is cast from the raised edges to the adjoining parts of the cloth. The same would be true if the cloth were all black or green or any other plain color.

This is why the chief and elemental study of architects, artists and designers is the effect of lights and shadows. The designer works upon a flat white blank of paper. Before he can study colors he is obliged to spend much prolonged effort in black and white design. The paper acts as the white tablecloth and upon it the pencil or pen indicates the grouping and combinations of shadows which make a picture of things seen or to be made in substance to cast just the same shadow he indicates.

It is on the grouping, balancing, and counter-balancing of shadows large and small that the beauty or ugliness of any work depends. In designing a house, the building is made pleasant or ugly to the eye according to the relative positions given to the windows, doors, piazzas, frezzes, mouldings, etc., all of which form a grouping of shadows against the light wall.